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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE GUIDE.

"As once toward heaven my face was set,
I came upon a place where two ways met.
One led to Paradise and one away;
And fearful of myself lest I should stray,
I paused that I might know
Which was the way wherein I ought to go.
The first was one my weary eyes to please,
Winding along through pleasant fields of ease,
Beneath the shadows of fair branching trees,
This path of calm and solitude,
Surely must lead to heaven, I cried in joyous mood.
Yon rugged one, so rough for weary feet,
The footpath of the world's too busy street
Can never be the narrow way of life.
But at that moment I thereon espied
A footprint bearing trace of having bled,
And knew it for the Christ's, so bowed my head
And followed where He led."

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST IN THE CITY BY THE GOLDEN GATE WORSHIP IN A HEBREW TEMPLE.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco met last Sunday morning for the first regular service in Temple Emanu-El. At the invitation of Rabbi Mayer and his people the services will be held there until the new edifice, to be built on the corner of Post and Mason, is ready for use. The auditorium, which seats 1250, was crowded, and a deeply impressive sermon was given by Dr. Aked.

Rabbi Meyer was present to give welcome. He greeted the assembled congregation as "brethren," saying in the words of the psalmist, "Blessed be ye who come in the name of the Lord." Their presence and worship there within those walls, he said, would add a new consecration. Because of their own worship there on Saturday and that of the Congregationalists on Sunday there would ever be a sense and feeling of brotherliness not otherwise to be had. Rabbi Meyer remarked that it was a mistaken conception of the Jewish religion that it was narrow. Always the Hebrew idea had been that in God's plan there was place for all.

Dr. Aked, in response to the gracious welcome, said that words were inadequate to express the gratitude of himself and people for the large hospitality in offering the use of Temple Emanu-El and the sweet and invigorating welcome at that time of the Rabbi.

The service throughout was in every respect just such as has been held in the old First Church house of worship for years. Both in prayer and in sermon Christ was exalted. Although one of the hymns which were sung was by Professor Felix Adler, a Jew, all are to be found in the Pilgrim Hymnal. The first stanza of the hymn by Professor Adler runs:

"Sing we of the Golden City,
Pictured in the legends old;
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous things of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns throughout its halls."

The first hymn was by Isaac Watts. The last one, which was by Samuel Johnson, contained these stanzas:

"Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

"Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind."

The sermon by Dr. Aked was on a text taken from the first chapter of Malachi: "For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense is offered unto my name, and a pure offering: for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts."

To get the meaning and scope of what follows, the readers of The Pacific should remember that the Gentiles were the nations at large, as distinguished from the Jews. Dr. Aked regretted the fact that the King James version contained the words, "shall be great" instead of "is great," and that the American edition of the revision had not like the English given the proper translation, "my name is great among the Gentiles," instead of "my name shall be great." In the English edition "is" was placed in the text, and "shall be" in the margin. In the American "shall be" is the expression, and the word "is" appears in the margin as an alternative reading.

The aim of the sermon was to show that all over the world, at all times, God's name was great among the nations, and that there is no soul to whom the light of life is denied. This universalism did not spring full grown from the heart of Malachi as did Minerva from the head of Jove, remarked Dr. Aked. "Prophets known and unknown, and poets with their deathless singing, had prepared the way for it. There are times, as we read the earlier records of Hebrew history, when we are impressed by the narrowness, the intolerance, the exclusiveness, the racial hate, which found shelter within the Jewish faith. But against this spirit a new and nobler one is found contending. In one of the grandest passages of the Bible, whose sublime thought is wedded to perfect diction, like lofty poetry to immortal music Isaiah of Babylon declares on the part of Jehovah: Behold, my servant, whom I uphold. He shall bring forth justice to the nations. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the dimly-burning wick he shall not quench; he shall not burn dimly nor be bruised till he have set justice in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

The author of the sixty-fourth psalm and the writer of the book of Jonah were cited also as showing a pledge of the grace of God reaching out beyond the Jewish pale, freely shed abroad among the nations of the earth.

In a most graphic manner Dr. Aked pictured lives and events all around the world in that age which illustrated the truth of the words "my name is great among the nations and in every place incense is offered unto my name." It was great in Persia in the time of Zoroaster. This had the prophet seen, seeing of course with larger eyes than many of his countrymen saw.

Dr. Aked pictured Gautama, a prince of India, going forth just about the time when Malachi penned these words, a mendicant preacher, "a friend of the friendless, a helper of those who had no other, a gentle, loving, gracious soul, a prophet of pity and peace."

"And though the Light of Asia pales his ineffective fires when the Light of the World casts His morning beams

abroad, yet does not simple justice require us to believe that Malachi's words cover Buddha's pious meditations, and that the words of the Hebrew prophet stand true of the Indian sage and those who sincerely learned of him,—"from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, the name of God is great even among the nations."

And as to Confucius, the thought was that whatever is good and true in his moral maxims was covered by the prophet's words, "In every nation a pure offering is offered unto my name."

Quoting, then, Arthur Henry Clough's inspiring poem, the closing stanza of which runs,—

"And not through Eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward look! the land is bright,"

Dr. Aked turned to the land of the Greek to show how light had poured in not alone from Eastern windows, but from Western as well.

"But westward look! the land is bright!"

"Some half dozen years before Malachi's prophecy was given to his nation, Socrates was born; and contemporary with Malachi and Socrates rose upon the world such a galaxy of genius as has never together illumined the minds of men upon this earth before or since. The names which occur to us are those of men who, in poetry, history, sculpture, and architecture, sit on thrones and give their laws to the nations yet. Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, gave to the world the immortal tragedies which pierce to the bone and marrow of our deepest thinking and shake us like a tempest. Pheidias, supreme in sculpture; Pericles, supreme in statesmanship; Thucydides, supreme in history, did the work which stands to us today as the embodiment of human glory. And the greatest name of all is the first which I have cited—Socrates, the cross-examining missionary, the preacher of reality; Socrates with his belief that man lives only to obey the commands of God; and his conviction, strong in the presence of death, that no greater service had been done the state than by his loyalty to God: What new worlds are these to us! And how our hearts burn within us when we turn to our Malachi again, and he opens to us the mysteries of Providence and Revelation, and bids us believe that from the rising of the sun, to the going down of the same, a pure offering is offered to the name of God."

This, then, was the conclusion of this graphic historic survey. "Truth is one. The source of truth is the God of truth. God is light and the source of light. His is the light which Zoroaster saw and which Buddha followed from afar. What is true and beautiful and helpful as between man and man in the moral teaching of Confucius is from above—from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness, not so much as the shadow cast by turning. And what is pitiless with the sterner preaching of the Hebrew prophets in Aeschylus or Euripides, or radiant with a Christ-like conception of the deathless human soul in Plato and Socrates is born of that true light which the Fourth Gospel affirms lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Gathering up some of the helpful lessons of this study Dr. Aked said: "Here is hope, as we take the gospel message to the heathen and the nations beyond. Imperfect religions abound, religions which have grown corrupt, religions in which it is impossible to separate the superstitious from the real. But, has there ever been a false religion? I doubt it. That of which their sages have dreamed, that which they have seen through a glass darkly, that which has come to them in shadow shape or spectral mist or driving cloud, which has spoken to them by thunder voice and lightning flash, or on a loftier plane, by the mouth of the prophetic spirits of their own race—that, in its fulness, revealed by Christ, illumined by the Holy Spirit, we declare unto them. We do not go to denounce the false; we go to teach the true. Ours is the mood of him of whom it was said that "the bruised reed he will not break, the dimly-burning wick he will not quench."

These people have not been without the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, continued the preacher; "but, as in the history of our spiritual ancestors, the Hebrew race whose teachers are our own, the lesser lights of patriarch and prophet were eclipsed by the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, so have we to tell them that once in the history of mankind the Light in which is no darkness at all shone upon the hearts of men; that as the nations have walked in its brightness they have had to say (in no other way could they account for it) "the Word has taken flesh and dwelt among us, and He is the way and the truth and the light."

In concluding Dr. Aked left this thought: "Goodness is natural to us. We **ought** to be good. It is our nature to be good, as grass ought to be green and flowers beautiful; as birds ought to sing, and men and women and little children love one another, and this old world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change, urged by Love's propulsive force."

In the conclusion also there was a word of inexhaustible, indestructible hope,—something for the comfort and inspiration of the most sinful, the most debauched and degraded and bestial. "The Christ who slept in the boat while the storm raged, slumbers in the heart of every one of us while tempests of passion heave all the billows of sin's angriest seas. But this Christ sleeping within us will awake at the touch of the Christ without, and the Lord will have his own again."

It was a great sermon! We who listened to it thought deeply and reverently on the illimitable love of God and of the irrefutable truth in the words, "My name is great among the nations."

"Let the peoples praise Thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise Thee.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy."

Glad are we for this meeting of Congregationalists for worship in this Hebrew temple here by our western sea! Glad for this Christo-centric sermon, summing up, as it did, the light shining in the hearts of men down through the centuries. It testifies of an Eternal Christ, and argues for the fulfillment of the words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

A SIGNIFICANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

An announcement of much significance is made by Mr. Robert Sterling Yard who has taken editorial charge recently of The Century Magazine. It is in effect that the magazine will offer to its readers a presentation of the important educational, artistic, social, and other changes attendant upon the passing of our present order and the establishment of the new. It is stated that there will be

no muckraking. Not as an advocate will this time-honored magazine present these causes, nor in protest, but in the fair, free, unbiased spirit of investigation. The aim is to help the cause of human progress by helping men and women to understand life as it passes. Writing on the "Readjustment of Social Levels," the editor says:

"There is no escaping the fact that civilization, like the river tumbling and swirling between two lakes, is passing turbulently from the old convention of the last several generations to the unknown, almost unguessable convention of the not distant future. The feminist movement, the uprising of labor, the surging of innumerable socialistic currents, can mean nothing else than the certain readjustment of social levels. The demand of the people for the heritage of the bosses is not short of revolution. The rebellious din of frantic impressionistic groups is nothing if not strenuous protest against a frozen art. The changed Sabbath and the tempered sermon mark the coldly critical appraisement of religious creeds. And science, meantime, straining and sweating under the lash of progress, is passing from wonder unto wonder. . . . The need of the moment is to discover where we are, what is accomplishing about us. Where have all these struggling activities brought us? What have they really done? What do they mean? Whither do they tend? It is time we look this question of the present squarely in the eye, in order, if for no other reason, that we may intelligently face the future. It is time that, in business phrase, we take account of stock. It is time that the chemist, for example, trembling over the revelations of his amazing combinations, know that the psychologist, too, is excited about the astonishing developments of his own laboratory; that the elated conquerors of the air realize the achievement of those who plod in the groaning shops of town; that the biologist, amazed at his artificial propagation of life, appreciate the telegraphic annihilation of space. Thus only may we wisely choose our steps in these uncertain times, remembering that change is not always degeneration; oftener it is progress. . . . Especially must we not be too hasty of judgment, for while there are times to preach and times to act and times to pronounce judgment, there are at long intervals also times, between the passings out and the comings in, when it behooves all men to watch and to wait and to study the signs."

It will be gratifying to a large number of people in this day of much muckraking and of many snap judgments that a magazine of so high a standard as "The Century" will undertake such a presentation. At no time in the history of our nation has there been a greater need for calm, considerate, and well-founded judgments. Everywhere and in every avenue of life the people are coming into what they regard as their own. There is great danger that the pendulum of democracy will swing too far.

In many of the states, through the initiative and referendum, men and women have had powers and duties thrust suddenly upon them before which they stand appalled. Information and suggestion and guidance from reliable and authoritative sources will have wide welcome. So far as they relate to economic and industrial and social affairs articles will, in part, have weight in proportion as those who write them have the confidence of the people as persons who are seeking to establish in the world the reign of justice.

In no other age of the world has there been such a clashing of interests and lack of confidence between man and man. Newspaper and magazine articles are shaped and colored and warped by the interests of the men who prepare them and publish them. What people need and want is a presentation of facts, and conclusions thereon by able men and women whose lives show that they have the spirit of him who came into the world two thousand years ago not to be ministered unto but to minister.

THE FEMININIST MOVEMENT.

Last week The Pacific quoted the eminent Frenchman, Jean Finot, as saying that the twentieth century was to be woman's century—a century in which humanity would be inspired and guided jointly by the two sexes. Widely there is a recognition of this truth. Mr. Hapgood, the new editor of Harper's weekly, so believing, has begun to shape that journal accordingly. In connection with an announcement that particular attention is to be paid to the Feminist Movement, he says:

"The new position of women in the world means that the intellectual and moral standards of civilization are to be changed. They are no longer the expression of one sex slightly influenced by the other. They are to be the composite ideals of the two; not of the two acting separately, but of the two as each will be modified by the other as they come into fairer, fuller, and more equal communication."

In line with this utterance is the following:

"Already we see the effect of letting loose the criticism of half of the human race on a civilization built up by the other half. The attitude of the world today toward all the vices is a very different thing from what it was a century ago when the thinking on the subject was merely man's thinking.

"The changing view of what needs to be done in industry is already due partly to women, and will be much more due to them as the moral and human side of industry passes more and more into their hands.

'The great underlying institution of marriage is now being subject to criticism, and to women will in the main fall the task of deciding just what alterations shall be made in it, and in the ideas of sexual morality that center around it."

It is said further: "The nature of women has been influenced a good deal in the past by what men have wished. The nature of men is to be influenced a great deal in the future by what women wish. Women have a better ideal of the family than men, and therefore men will be compelled to raise themselves to higher standards of self-control and social consideration in the future; and they will be compelled to educate themselves away from conventional ideas that have been standardized largely for the convenience of their own primitive natures."

Plainly indicating the trend of things is the following from the pen of Dr. Mary Roberts Coolidge:

"At the session of the California legislature one wholly new note was sounded—one that frequently lightened the murky air with humor. For the first time in the experience of these representatives the 'good woman's' influence, about which they had been wont to spout, had become a concrete thing to be reckoned with. Those quiet, innocent looking ladies within the rail represented thousands of silent voters whose temper in politics had not yet been tested; and behind them were other shadowy thousands quite unknown, but not therefore negligible. Whether a man scorned or approved their power, it might well make him uneasy."

It will be observed by all who read what we give elsewhere concerning The Century Magazine that it, too, is preparing to give attention to the Feminist Movement as one of the things indicating a readjustment of social levels.

FORTY YEARS IN THE PAST.

It is noteworthy that much of what women have gained in recent years in this country and in Europe and what they are still striving for was in the program and prediction forty years ago of August Bebel, the leader of socialism in Germany, who passed into the other life last week.

It was within the walls of a jail in an age when men are not free to speak for socialism as they are today, that he wrote his book, "The Woman," which has had circulation in all the leading languages of the world. In the introduction Herr Bebel said:

"We are living in an age of great social transformations that are steadily progressing. Many questions have arisen and are being discussed with growing interest in ever-widening circles. One of the most important of these questions and one that is coming constantly into greater prominence is the woman question. The Socialist party is the only one that has made the full equality of women, their liberation from every form of dependence and oppression, an integral part of its program; not for reasons of propaganda, but from necessity. For there can be no liberation of mankind without social independence and equality of the sexes."

In the chapter on "Women in the Future," Herr Bebel wrote:

"In the new society, woman will be entirely independent, both socially and economically. She will not be subjected to even a trace of domination and exploitation, but will be free and man's equal, and mistress of her own lot. Her education will be the same as man's, with the exception of those deviations that are necessitated by the differences of sex and sexual functions. Living under normal conditions of life, she may fully develop and employ her physical and mental faculties. She chooses an occupation suited to her wishes, inclinations, and abilities, and works under the same conditions as man. Engaged as a practical working woman in some field of industrial activity, she may during a second part of the day be educator, teacher, or nurse; during a third she may practice a science or an art, and during a fourth she may perform some administrative function. She studies, works, enjoys pleasures and recreation with other women or with men, as she may choose, or as occasions may present themselves."

The complete emancipation of woman and her establishment with equal rights with man it was predicted by this socialist leader was something which no power on earth could stay. It was his judgment that this could be accomplished, however, "only by means of a transformation that will abolish the rule of man over man, including the rule of the capitalist over the laborer." "Then only," declared Herr Bebel, "can humanity attain its fullest development. The 'golden age' of which men have been dreaming, and for which they have been yearning for thousands of years, will come at last. Class rule will forever be at an end, and with it the rule of man over woman."

We do not quote this with any thought of agreement with this great socialistic leader, but only as something suggestive at a time when even the most thoughtful and far-seeing men and women cannot outline the future. It is as the editor of The Century Magazine has said in an article which we have quoted elsewhere in The Pacific this week a time when "it behooves all men to watch and to wait and to study the signs."

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

CONCERNING DANCING.

The Pacific is in receipt of a few letters relative to the articles on the question of the use of the parish houses for dancing given a few weeks ago.

One of our Claremont women readers writes concerning dancing in general and says: "My covictions are strong. I cannot see it any other way, either from God's word or the results in practice."

Enclosed in this letter was an editorial from the Sunday School Times in one of its issues for 1910, taking a position against the dance, regarding the effects as downward in tendency instead of upward. It was said in that editorial: "Even when both participants are pure minded people, the dance offers an invitation to temptation which has no parallel in other sanctioned customs of society."

The Claremont lady writes further:

"I am sure many who attended the recent meetings of the Y. P. S. C. E. in Los Angeles, or listened to the earnest pleas from Supt. Shaw and others upon the question of dancing, together with the strong, earnest stand taken by Intermediates at their special service Saturday, must feel the necessity of "walking softly," lest our churches bring upon themselves the condemnation of Christ, Matt. 18:6. How I wished that every pastor of our California churches was present that he might resolve to follow where these young disciples had resolved to go. Surely the sacrifice was to be upon the part of these young people—but the blessing of one hundred fold will be theirs as well.

"Regarding dancing, a standing vote was taken, which was almost, if not wholly, unanimous to 'cut it out.'"

On the other hand, we have a letter from one who was in the ministry in California for several years, but now in other work, in which is the following:

"I find my views have changed a good deal on this subject in a few years past, whether for better or not might be a question, but someway I think we must take it up differently than we have generally done as a church heretofore. It is like many other disputed rights: we ought not to turn it over to the devil because he abuses it as he does all other good things, but we ought and we must take it in hand and show our young folks how to enjoy it without abuse. Anyway, we let our children dance, but we try to guide them in it."

One of our readers has sent us some reprint articles on dancing, card playing and the theater. We cannot make use of them. But for the best articles in opposition to these amusements which we have seen of late our readers are referred to a little book entitled "Across the Dead-line of Amusements," by Henry W. Stough. It is published in paper covers for 35 cents, by the Fleming H Revell Company of New York and Chicago. Though written only last year this book will be regarded by many as too conservative for the age.

A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

Under the Auspices of the University of California School of Education.

"Social Aspects of the Liquor Problem" is the title of a new, one unit lecture course to be given by the Department of Education this semester at the University of California. The course will consist of fourteen lectures, to be given once a week, by prominent men interested in the different phases of the liquor problem.

Among the speakers announced are men connected with the University, with Stanford University, and men promi-

nent in civic life.

The Department aims to direct an unprejudiced investigation of the question as a social problem.

This course is invaluable to those of the student body and of the general public who are interested in the investigation of the liquor problem as a social problem. Following is the schedule of lectures:

August 25— Social Aspect of the Liquor Problem, Prof. C. A. Kofoid.

September 1—Physiological Effects of Alcohol.

September 8—Alcohol and Heredity, Prof. S. J. Holmes.

September 15—Alcohol and Public Health, Dr. A. M. Meads.

September 22—Relation of Liquor to Poverty and Crime, Prof. J. B. Peixotto.

September 29—Relation of Liquor to Politics, Prof. T. H. Reed.

October 6—Liquor Revenue as a Source of National Income, Frank Hichborn.

October 13—Relation of Liquor to Business—G. H. DeKay.

October 20—Relation of Liquor to Labor Problems.

October 27—Ethical Phase of the Problem, Dr. J. B. Fry.

November 3—European Methods of Dealing with the Problem—Prof. W. B. Herms.

November 10—Relation of Liquor to Education—Prof. C. E. Rugh.

November 17—Legislative Methods of Dealing with the Problem, Prof Greene of Stanford.

Alcohol and Manhood, Dr. David Starr Jordan—Date to be announced later.

MAKERS OF THE NEW HUMANITY.

William Horace Day.

(A sermon given in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles to the graduating class of the State Normal. Of the 425 members 350 were in attendance at the services; and the entire Faculty. The Scripture lesson was Acts 17:16-34. The text was from Acts 17:26. "And he made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.")

The Function of the Teacher.

What is the function of the teacher? Not merely to pour in, it is to lead out, whether our English word "education" comes from the Latin "e" and "duco" or is otherwise derived. You are to educate personality to some purpose. The value of the teacher depends upon the ideal toward which he develops the student in his charge. We have drawn you from other pursuits to prepare for this high calling of teaching, in order that you may train these children to become producers of wealth, and enjoyers of what is produced, but far more that through this education they may help realize the prophet's vision of a new heaven and a new earth—of a new humanity. You are called of God and man to prepare the next generation to be makers of the new humanity.

The New Humanity.

The new humanity has in it that which Murray Butler recently described as the "international mind," larger than local interests, than those things which concern us as members of the same race, of the same speech, of the same religion. The new humanity is larger than any of these groups, it must include them all. As lightning flashes and the darkness which follows seems deeper than ever, so prophetic souls in many nations have caught passing visions of the larger humanity. Socrates called himself a citizen of the world. Terrence said that nothing human was alien to him. In the pages of Hebrew prophecy we find a newer and better social order, and a humanity that was larger than the single race or faith. Nowhere in literature is deeper insight and more glorious poetry than in the 103d Psalm: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Jonah, Nahum and the others of that great company of preachers declared the conception of one humanity worshiping one God. But there came an hour in the fullness of time when the new humanity was presented to the conscience of man with a clearness he could not escape. A carpenter sat beside a well, on a hot summer's day. A woman of another race and another religion asked questions growing out of centuries of racial and religious antagonism and the Carpenter of Nazareth, pointing to the temple ruins on the top of Gerizim, said: "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem should ye worship the Father, for God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." With one movement of His hand, the Carpenter-Teacher swept aside the old, narrow, provincial idea of human life and religion. A Jewish weaver caught up the torch and bore it through the Roman world. This Jewish weaver stood on the Hills of Mars in Athens and preached to a people, supremely proud of their Hellenic past, magnificently bigoted as to race and culture, perfectly ready to despise anything that was not Greek. Only for superstitious reasons, because they wanted to win good luck, they had tolerated the religions they did not originate; and polytheism was rampant in the cultured city of Athens. The Weaver-Preacher proclaimed a nobler conception of God, and laid adequate foundation for a new ideal of humanity. The God whom they ignorantly worshiped had "made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." St. Paul became the apostle of the new humanity, which it was his business to establish in the earth. The history of European civilization through fifteen hundred years is the story of the conflict between the Christian ideal of a new humanity, which had found expression by Jacob's well in Palestine and on Mars Hill in Athens, and the old conception, dominated by bigotries of race and religion, which divided the Roman world into warring social groups.

The New Continents and the New Humanity.

Just as the fifteenth century dawned, a dreamer grasped the Key of God and thrust it into the wards of a lock that had not been opened, and slowly the gates of new continents were flung open to the light of a better civilization and a diviner faith. America was discovered and shortly afterward the continent of Australia. These two became the virgin experiment ground, where, unhindered by the dead hand of a stereotyped past, came man's opportunity to propagate and realize the new humanity. The seed was put through the threshing machine of the bitterest persecution, was winnowed by the fiercest blasts of hate and bigotry, and a tiny handful in the grasp of the Infinite Sower was scattered upon the bosom of these new lands. These two commonwealths have been dedicated to government of the people, for the people and by the people. But in each there has grown up a different idea of the sovereign people. In Australia the ideal has been a homogeneous people, limited to the same racial stock, to that Anglo-Celtic mixture we often speak of as Anglo-Saxon. This

stream is largely responsible for the new ideals of the commonwealth. Australia has, perhaps, half unconsciously, been seeking to found its new humanity upon the doctrine of exclusion, by raising to the n-th power the process of selection. Any Caucasian is permitted to come; no others need apply. They have sent Asiatics and Malays home, and, if possible, would undoubtedly deport the aboriginal bushman. Any white man may come to Australia, but every Britisher is heartily welcome to come. Australia is seeking to develop the new humanity, and if it believes it will be best done by discouraging all but British immigration, the present policy ought to stand. At all events that is their general policy. The Australian ideal, based upon the conception of racial life purely homogeneous, ought to accomplish certain results far in advance of ours. They certainly have attained forms of industrial justice at which America is beginning but blindly to grasp. Australia has done great things for the common man. But the homogeneous principle has serious limitations. The Britisher could never have been what he is today if he had remained pure Celt. Had not streams of Angles, Saxons, Danes and Normans poured over the lands, there would never have developed the masterful people the Union Jack typifies. No growth of unmixed Celtic blood could have equaled the great nation composed by the union of many peoples. The most hopeless communities in the United States are those that are purely homogeneous. I once asked a dweller in an eastern town: "What's the matter with this town?" "A new family has not come into it for generations. Every person here is of the best stock New England ever had." The most hopelessly atrophied community of California is composed almost exclusively of the ancient stock, either Mexican or Argonaut, and neither Mexican nor Argonaut has thought a new thought for thirty years. Whenever you get a perfectly homogeneous community it is often ready for the scrap heap. That is the history of civilization. The American conception of the new humanity is not homogeneous, but hetrogeneous. We began homogeneously with Anglo-Celtic, but had from the first religious difference. There were a few cantankerous Quakers and Baptists, thank God; that stirred the stagnant puddle of New England life; there were Roman Catholics that pressed into Maryland; and Pennsylvania was not pure Quaker. I cannot help thinking that God made no blunder when He permitted even the selfish greed of men to introduce the black slave. There is no racial problem that this country has to face equal to the problem which grows out of the negro slavery—the results of centuries and generations of comparatively high culture with the streams of African people, coming almost directly out of barbarism. And then the Aborigines! It is a jest, with foundations enough to make it laughable, that when the Puritan came to these shores, he first fell on his knees and then on the Aborigines. And the American has been doing this ever since. In spite of our idealism we have oppressed the weaker races. There came in the fulness of time other peoples, thrust out by hard conditions at home: Celt and Latin and Slav, each in turn to be more or less tyrannized over and exploited by the stronger hands already here, each in turn joining the front rank of the exploiter as soon as he rose out of the exploited class. The Italian padrone endured racial scorn for a little season, until he could grasp the baton of power and wield it over those more newly come than himself. On this Coast we wanted a railroad, and we had to have steel bands that should hold the nation together in the great throes of war which was to come. There was neither industry nor daring enough on the part of American labor to have completed the task, but men, for the sake of gold, and also for the sake of the ideal that blazed in their hearts, sent ships across the Pacific to China, where they found men who had industry and were willing to work, and with them as projectile the railroad was shot through the mountains. Fellow teachers, I urge this matter upon your attention, because it ought very largely to determine your own ideals in the leadership that is so priceless, by which you develop men and women fit to be makers of the American type of the new humanity. Can America be true to this larger conception which is not perfect uniformity—the obliterating either of religion or race—but with the widest diversity, all different groups assimilating the common American ideal, that they are to learn to live together in the spirit of justice, righteousness and brotherly peace. School children from Germany, England, and Mexico, mingled with American born, afford one of the divinest tasks ever accorded a creative personality. When you teach a Japanese child to respect himself and his white neighbor, the Mexican child to respect himself and his American seatmate, you have done a great work. America has got to fight out this problem: the ability to work together and to prevent the stronger exploiting the weaker. I never shall forget one statement of Booker Washington: "No man could ever hold another man down in the ditch without going down into the ditch himself." No race can ever hold another race in the mud without getting smirched itself, and the worse the racial bigotry, the more inevitable is that lamentable misfortune. The New Humanity vision of the Carpenter of Galilee, carried to us by the Weaver of Tarsus,thrills us today. We do not mean that East and West should ever be alike.

"O! East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat."

There are differences. A man with generations of Japanese culture behind him will not be content to be a poor imitation of the man with ten generations of Pilgrim pioneer heredity. East and West are different. The question is: "Can they live together and be brotherly?" The teacher has to lead her pupils below the superficial differences to what Kipling saw as clearly as the differences:

"But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

In the divine tasks of life man is one.

Creating the New Humanity in California.

Many streams have poured into this great state. Through Plymouth Rock one stream flowed in a western direction over the states, across rivers and mountains, until it touched the Pacific. Through the South there were other streams like that of Plymouth Rock, Puritan, Roman Catholic, and Anglican. These have come together under the shadow of the Sierras. Here Northern Europe mingled

with the Latin missionaries, fathers of the Franciscan Order, who had pushed back the frontiers of civilization and religion. The Puritan from Plymouth Rock works side by side with the descendant of the Spanish Catholic that came with the Franciscan Padres. The great problem is not primarily to make these all look at things exactly alike, either in religion, in dress, or in anything else, but to make them in their diversity act together to the glory of God and for the building of the new humanity. And now we have these Orientals with us. What are you going to do with them? Shall our race bigotry permit us to treat them with contempt, or shall we construct a new humanity as broad as Jesus saw it, and as beautifully strong, as wonderful as Paul preached it on Mars Hill? Faith in him who came to teach, leads us to expect that—

"There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning,
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another,
Be as Christ would have him—brother unto brother.

"There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world;
When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer,
And the ironclad rusts, and battle-flags are furled:
When the bars of creed and speech and race which sever,
Shall be fused in one humanity forever."

"For He hath made of one every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

NOTES ON JAPAN.

Sidney Strong.

Editor "The Pacific": Writer's cramp is not so common, I imagine, as the "itching desire" to write when one is in the presence of the changing and interesting scenes that Japan presents the traveler. Your readers, I think, would be willing to share with me, without the trouble of a two weeks' sea-voyage, the impressions that pass in endless procession.

My daughter, Anna Louise, and I plan to start in tomorrow at Yokohama for a four weeks' tour of the Sunrise Kingdom. If the Imperial soldiers ask us why we have come as they did Commodore Perry, just sixty years ago when he unlocked the door of Japan and threw the key into the sea, we shall say we have come on a vacation and to see through sympathetic eyes the industrial, social and religious condition of Japan. We can not claim for our views that they will be anything more than snapshots, yet we have before us the memory that Cunningham Geike wrote a popular "Life of Christ," with accurate description of journeys, without ever having set foot in Palestine.

There was a proper international flavor in our approach to the Orient, in the Sunday service yesterday. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. K. Inazawa, a Japanese who has spent 25 years in America and 25 years in Japan. He came from a Shinto-Buddhist home and was converted to Christianity. He has labored of late years in Los Angeles. The Scripture lesson was read by a Chinese student, L. E. Dzau, who chose Henry Drummond's arrangement of the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. Instead of saying, "Here endeth the first lesson," he said, "Anyone wishing to read Mr. Drummond's book, 'The Greatest Thing in the World,' may get it after service." I had the privilege of conducting the service and gave out the hymns and lessons from the Psalter in the English Prayer Book. And the collection went to the Japanese Seaman's Society.

I have been interested in the steerage passengers. Ours is a Japanese boat, one of the N. Y. K. ships sailing from Seattle. Several of the steerage are Russians who are returning from work in the Alaskan fisheries. They are strapping big fellows, but are unkempt and dirty in appearance. They sit together almost motionless, rarely smiling, and look like what I have always thought of Siberia as looking. Nearby is a young Japanese student going steerage. He is alert and clean. If you will look at the last number of the Review published by G. Stanley Hall, you will find his name at the end of the leading article on "A Study of Questioning." He has taken a Doctorate from Clark University. And the Japanese all over the boat are constantly playing games, bearing out Count Okuma's remark that "the Japanese mind is clear, cheerful and open."

This leads me to say that if one wishes to get a good idea of Japan, let him read Count Okuma's "Fifty Years of Japan." It consists of two large volumes, with the different chapters by the best minds in the Empire. He will be pleased as an American to hear Commodore Perry's visit of 853 referred to as an epoch-making event, much as the landing of the Pilgrims is referred to by writers of American history. He will also be compelled to the conclusion that among the nations of the world, Japan has in a marvelous manner won her right to what Robert Porter calls a "full recognition."

When we go ashore tomorrow, I am going to begin to gather a few thoughts, with your permission, for your readers. I shall try to be as wise as the symbolic monkey and remember that I have two ears and two eyes and only one tongue. I give you warning that I go with sympathetic eyes and ears, yet I trust with open mind. I have been convinced for years that Japan is perhaps the best friend America has among the nations, that Japan is filled with gratitude for America's friendship at certain points in her development. It would be a world calamity should anything impair the friendship between the two nations.

MORE VERY ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The First Settlers.

"There were giants in those days. This was partly from their stock, and partly from their environment. The stock was grand. Adam was the first specimen of real manhood that the world ever saw. God made him as the masterpiece of His creative work, and left nothing to be supplied by evolution. In the first fifteen hundred years of the life of the race, devolution made no great progress, and Noah was physically and mentally such a man as would almost compel worship in these degenerate days. The stock was of the best and finest; and degenerated very slowly.

Then the environment was the best possible. The food which the antediluvians ate was the simplest conceivable: fruits, nuts, milk, eggs and a little coarse flour, produced by hand labor with small stones. No alcoholic drinks were dreamed of by those grand men. And there the climate was superior to anything known since the flood. The earth was clothed, like Jupiter and Saturn, with a dense mass of vapor, wholly excluding the Sun's rays, but filtering

enough of his light to make very manifest the difference of day and night. This gave to the whole planet an equable climate, with no tropic and arctic extremes, and favored the largest and best development of animal life. These were the days of saurians, the megatheriums, the five-toed horse, the cave bear, the Elephas certiguno and other huge pachyderms, though our super-wise paleontologists date these, together with various tribes of men, some hundreds of thousands of years earlier than the time of Adam. Science is responsible for its full share of absurd fables, and ignores the Creator altogether. "The fool says in his heart there is no God." We are credibly informed that some Northern Liberians dug out of the ice one of these mastodons and ate his flesh with great relish, though preserved in its icy tomb for two thousand years. I was not there to taste it, but believe the story true. These conditions favored the production of the largest and most perfect forms of animal life, including the human, so we do not need the direct testimony of human history to assure us that our antediluvian ancestors were the finest forms of the human race the world has ever known.

And so the earliest human history reads, "Adam lived a hundred and thirty years and begat Seth, and the days of Adam after he had begotten Seth were eight hundred years. And all the days of Adam were nine hundred and thirty years." And so the record goes on for eight more generations through fourteen hundred years. In these degenerate years the "days of the years of a man's life are seventy years." with extraordinary vitality reaching eighty years. And yet Professor Le Conte expatiates on the wonderful work of evolution.

In our age, science, born of Christianity, and working under its wing, has found out better hygienic ways of living, and so, in Christian nations, has arrested the progress of devolution, and human life is growing longer and better than in the recent past, while in heathen lands the decadence still goes on.

The modern rule of life, "one-fifth of life before maturity" seems to have held then, for they seldom married till more than one hundred years old, and none died till more than five hundred, while, with us are mothers fourteen years old, who seldom or never reach the age of seventy years. Theirs was a far slower life than ours, but it ripened into wonderful fullness and perfection. The rush and turmoil and petty distractions of our mode of living were wholly unknown in those days, when, calm and serene, grand men communed with nature and talked with God. They had no need of the thousand inventions that serve to supply the fretful needs of life with us, and which we misname life worth while, for their majestic life was never "vexed with trifling cares," like ours, but the great things of God and His personal revelations of truth and duty filled their thought and desire.

In the personal revelation of Jesus Christ, as the author and giver of salvation, we are better off, by far, than were our antediluvian ancestors, but in physical, mental and spiritual stature, they were nearer the hand of the Maker, and nearer what God meant man to be.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN 1913.

Arthur P. Vaughn.

The official statistics of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. have just been published by the Stated Clerk of the General Assembly in the usual volume of over a thousand pages, known as the "Assembly Minutes." A communicant roll of 1,415,872 persons is reported; Sunday-school membership, 1,265,439; churches, 10,090, organized into 295 presbyteries or local conferences, and these again into 40 synods, usually following the state boundaries in territory of jurisdiction. Compared with the returns of 1912, three new synods report, one being New England, which, because so largely a Congregational field, has hitherto appeared as a presbytery of New York Synod. New Mexico has been divided, and Arizona has an independent place in the report, and will usually be counted with the Pacific Coast group of synods. There are also three more presbyteries than in 1912, and a net gain of sixty newly organized churches. Communicants in 1912 numbered 1,380,058; and Sunday-school members 1,232,-847; giving a less gain in the latter than the former for the year, and increasing the unhappy proportion that has recently obtained. Only since the year 1905 have the communicants outnumbered the Sunday-school membership, and this in spite of the recent special recognition of and attempt to fulfill the responsibilities of the church to her children. During the year the number of ministers has increased 136 to the present roll of 9,410, or 700 less than the number of churches.

These ten thousand churches contributed during the year $26,293,808 for local support and benevolences. In addition the church expended other vast sums derived from endowments and legacies. Both home and foreign mission boards received more than last year, the sums being respectively $1,928,363 and $1,530,795. This is over one dollar per member for each of these interests.

While the net increase in membership for the whole church, 35,814, is larger than in years past, the suspended roll, or those lost to the activities and efficiency of the church retains its distressing size, above the fifty thousand mark—five members marked off for each of our ten thousand churches as lost to their shepherding.

Seattle First Church remains the largest in the denomination, with 5,025 members. It reports the largest number added on confession of faith (345) of any church in the U. S. proper; but our church in Elat, West Africa, adds 488 and that in Chieng Mai, Laos, adds 450. There are 67 churches, having a membership of one thousand and upwards. The great groups of these are found in New York and Pittsburg, but on the Pacific Coast each of the following cities contains one; Seattle, Spokane, Portland, Oakland, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pasadena and San Diego.

In 1912 thirty-five churches received one hundred or more members on confession of faith; in 1913 forty-seven added one hundred or upwards—an encouraging gain. But among this number are very few of those great churches just enumerated, having one thousand or more members. In the list of eight metropolitan New York churches of four figures, not one reports 100 additions on examination. It takes little supernatural inspiration to prophesy that other churches of more vital reproductive power will, ere long, supersede these in the leadership of the denomination. To this honor roll one California church attains, that of Eureka; Oregon lists two, Portland 1st and Salem; Idaho, one, Coeur d'Alene; Washington, Seattle First. On this honor roll thirteen churches in Pennsylvania, eleven in Ohio, and three in West Virginia indicate the region of special revival during the year. The total of 88,808 added throughout the church on confession is the largest of any year in her history—but is just over 6 per cent gain. This

is neither thirty, sixty nor one hundred fold fruitage—Christ's expected harvest. Herein is His repeated challenge to reconsecration, and the casting of the seed into the ground to die, that it may spring anew into fruitful life.

The coast synods report thirty-one new congregations organized during the year, ten of these being in California and seventeen in Washington. This growth is in part discounted by the dissolution of thirteen churches in the same region.

In membership the present report returns an increase over 1912 for each synod except Utah, as follows:

	1913	1912
Arizona	4,037	3,869
California	45,662	43,530
Idaho	3,309	3,227
Oregon	14,642	13,985
Utah	1,833	1,920
Washington	26,716	24,918
Coast total	96,199	91,449

Among the Churches.

Berkeley, North.—The people of this church had the pleasure of listening last Sunday morning to an inspiring address by Dr. R. C. Brooks on the religious work to be carried on among university students.

Oakland, First.—The offering for foreign missions which was taken Sunday before last was $3,182.15. This does not include the Woman's Board contributions. Last year the Woman's Missionary Society raised $1500 which was its full apportionment. Next Sunday Mr. Carter will preach at both services.

Berkeley, First.—The Rev. Dr. Brooks is to speak next Sunday morning. In the evening the second of the services for university students will be held. Last Sunday evening there was an attendance of about 250. Dr. Brooks' address was a choice and appropriate one and was listened to with much interest. Many students had a cordial hand grasp ere they left the church. Not a few were in no haste to go, and lingered to give Dr. Brooks and some who coveted more than a word or two opportunity for a closer acquaintanceship, then having their turn. All in all the atmosphere was such as to implant a desire to come again.

THE PAST YEAR AT MYRTLE STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

On Sept. 7, the Myrtle Street Congregational Church will close its first successful year under its new name, in its new building, and under the loving guidance of its new pastor, the Rev. Jas. B. Orr, with happy and appropriate services. They will in part deal with the steady growth which has been evident to all throughout the year, and of which every one in any way connected with the church is so proud to speak. For, indeed, the steady growth has been an encouraging one, marked not only by numbers, but also by spirit and ethusiasm in every branch of the church activities.

The attendance at church services has been very encouraging and satisfactory. During the year 74 new members have been added to the church fellowship. Several canvasses have been made of the neighborhood—all tending to show a very friendly spirit existing throughout the community.

The Sunday school has grown remarkably, showing a surprising increase. The church has maintained through the greater part of the year two Sunday schools—one meeting at 9:45 a. m. and the other at 12:30 in order to accommodate all. The little primary room has filled up so fast that they are now planning to take possession of the new dining room on Sept. 7, which is to be rally day for the whole school.

The young people of the church have been a very active and important factor of the church life, holding interesting and instructive meetings every Sunday evening, helping in the church services by ushering, singing, decorating etc., and aiding Mr. Orr in many little ways.

During the past year, three new societies have been organized. The Men's League, The Intermediate Endeavor Society, and the Young Ladies' Guild. Last to mention, though of perhaps the greatest importance, are the faithful members of the Ladies' Aid Society, who by their perseverence have done much to make the church the success which it is today.

For the last few months the choir, the Young Ladies Guild and the Men's League have been working together with united forces on the pipe organ fund, and it now seems possible to obtain one in a very few months.

Indeed, as the past year is reviewed, sincere appreciation and gratitude are realized by everyone interested in the welfare of the church. Especially do the members of the church realize the large amount of gratitude due to Mr. Orr, whose alert mind, never-ending good-will and untiring efforts have proved inspirations to the whole congregation and have thereby given to the church its predominating traits of friendliness and cheerfulness.

NILES.

Rev. F. Vernon Jones, who has been pastor of the Niles Congregational church for the past nine years, leaves us to accept a call from the first church of Lodi.

We regret the loss of a man like Mr. Jones; one who has proven himself a "man among men;" a man who's every effort and word is for the good of his fellow men and for the uplift and betterment of conditions in any community in which he may reside.

As a pastor, he has been everything to us a pastor could be, not without fault or mistake, but ever ready to do that which a free conscience might dictate.

He leaves us after nine years of faithful service and, although not crowned with the success which should rightfully come to a man who has put forth such a magnifficent effort, we can see good things which have come to pass and which have been accomplished through his earnest co-operation.

Mrs. Jones has also been a very important factor in our church life, and deserves no small amount of credit for her service among us.

As a token of our highest appreciation of their worth they were guests at a reception given in their honor Tuesday evening, August 12, where nearly 200 friends and members of the congregation gathered to bid them farewell and wish them Godspeed in their new field.

W. H. Ford gave a very fitting address and presented them with a handsome set of silver, the gift of a large numbers of friends from all parts of the township.

We have been very fortunate in having such workers among us for such a length of time and can recommend them to any people or community to which they might choose to go . R. T. MORGAN,
Secretary Men's League.

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER.

Monday, August 18, there passed into the Life Beyond, from his home at Irvington, Alameda County, M. A. Cull, father of Reverend John A. Cull. Mr. Cull was born in New York City seventy years ago. For nearly fifty-seven years he had been a resident of Alameda County, having followed the trail of the Argonauts across the Isthmus in the spring of 1857. He saw early the great possibilities in the fertile lands of the Santa Clara Valley, and acquired large holdings which he possessed until his death.

He was an earnest student of chemistry, and gained considerable more than local fame by various chemical discoveries of value to farming and allied interests.

He was a sincere Christian man, with religious sympathies of the broadest. He was the father of four children, two of whom survive, Mrs. Burns, of Irvington, the eldest, and Dr. Cull, the youngest. His devoted wife passed away eleven years ago. Mr. Cull was ill but three days when death came.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

There will be no meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

The Rev. H. R. Miles of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley has been called to the Dwight Place Congregational Church of New Haven, Connecticut.

The Pacific had a pleasant call this week from the Rev. L. L. Woods who is in charge of the church at Oleander. Mr. Woods was in the pastorate for several years in Washington, recently at Snohomish.

Professor Bade begins next Sunday in the First Church of Berkeley a course of Bible study, which will be especially for university students, though any who may wish to attend will be welcome. Subject: "Moral Battlefields of Israel's Religion."

Between forty and fifty persons were in attendance at the meeting of the ministers in First Church, Alameda, last Monday. It was an uplifting and inspiring meeting, and all felt that it was good to be there. In the talks around the lunch table the Rev. F. H. Maar told of the comfort which had come to him in a joyous realization now and then that his life was yet one of influence for good, though laid aside for several years from work. Mr. Maar's presence at any of our gatherings is always a joy to us all. All get good from him whenever they meet him.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual business meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held at Congregational headquarters in Mechanics' Bank Building, San Francisco, September 3, 1913, at 9 a. m.

JENNIE L. BARBOUR, Secretary.

WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING IN OAKLAND.

In The Pacific this week appears a notice of the annual business meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for The Pacific at Congregational headquarters in San Francisco on September 3d. This is to meet legal requirements. No one should be disturbed or confused by that notice or inconvenience herself to be there.

A quorum will be on hand. The meeting will be very brief, only a few minutes, and adjournment will be made to First Congregational Church, Oakland, in time for the 10 o'clock meeting where an interesting program has been planned, and where all business can be attended to after legal requirement has been thus met.

The Home.

THE FINANCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE HOME-KEEPER.

Mary W. Garfield.

This commonplace subject may not seem as attractive as some others, yet it is one that every home-maker and home-keeper is solving one way or another, though she may be all unconscious of the fact.

The longer I live, the more fully do I realize that everything pertaining to the home is of immeasurable importance. The character and well-being of the body, mind, and heart of the men and women of this nation, and of every nation, depend largely upon the home life and training of these individuals. Every factor entering into the conditions and methods of the home life is most worthy of our consideration.

Writers on these subjects charge us home-keepers with doing our work almost wholly without method or training. I fear the charge is not unjust. I do not wonder at this condition. It has come about naturally. In many cases the home-keepers of the past were servants to the liege-lord of the homes. Besides, the wives and mothers had then, as they have now, so many kinds of work it has been difficult to systematize. Is it any wonder that there has been so little method in the business of home-keeping?—for it is now, if never before, to be a business, and an important one. The new woman has been relieved of many things that the woman of a generation ago had to do, or at least to superintend. The home-keeper of to-day must keep her home clean and in order. She must select and cook and serve the food. She must see to the clothing of the family, select it, and oftentimes do much of the sewing with her own hands. She must guide her children in their physical, moral, and intellectual development. She must be a companion to her husband. She must read and give some time to her own mental and spiritual growth. She must give some interest to the moral and civic life about her outside of her home. Is it any wonder that she has found no time for methods? Is it any wonder that she has no time to audit accounts? that she does not tab says: "Whenever one's knowledge of a subject has passed the stage of drudgery, and becomes a science, its performance immediately becomes a pleasure. The ability to do a thing in the highest known perfection, or a little better than any one else, is always a source of delight, and it matters little what that something is."

I know of a young girl, who was about to make a cake, saying to her mother that she wanted to improve on the last one she had made. The mother replied that she thought the last one very good. Whereupon the daughter said, "I want to get the best possible results out of these ingredients." If this spirit were brought to all work, drudgery would be eliminated from the world.

This writer quoted above goes on to say. "The men or women who know their business seldom have difficulty in keeping those under them happily employed. The woman who would have a home and a happy one must know her business. Men as a rule do not succeed in business without training and why should women expect to do better? A quiet attention to details, a fine sense of values, good judgment in buying and selling, and a ready adaptation of means to ends with the least possible loss, are points of a good business man. The house-keeper certainly has need of all of these qualities of mind."

Perhaps the most important point in the subject of financial responsibility of the home-keeper is the moral side of the question. I mean the living within one's income. And, too, the growing altruistic spirit demands that we spend wisely and for the higher wants, as well as the lower ones. If a family does not live within its income, it is not only cheating its creditors, but cheating the members of that household of integrity and honor.

In these modern days, as a rule, women purchase what comes into the home. Of course, it is difficult, it is almost impossible, to establish standards. Statictics show that in families living on the average income a large share of the earnings is spent for food and clothes. Good, wholesome nutritious food is an absolute necessity. Yet in buying foodstuffs, many of which are perishable, there is an opportunity for careful consideration.

The fashion of clothes is very fickle, and, if we were trained economists, I believe that the woman who needed both a hat and a chair would put her ten or fifteen dollars into a strong easy-chair that would last a generation rather than in a hat which would probably be out of fashion another season.

If women are the purchasers, then they make the standard,—a most responsible thing to do. Some of us have lately heard Ruskin quoted, as calling dress, diet, and debt the "three deadly Ds."

To-day as never before men are fitting themselves for life's work. It is imperative that professional men take college and professional training. The world to-day demands that the mechanic must take special training for his work. We all admit that the home-keeper needs all the wisdom and grace and knowledge she can acquire. Let us, then, demand that our girls receive training for this great and important work. And then as women and home-keepers let us realize our responsibilities.

Let us bring to our work all the light possible. And light will come with knowledge and training. One of the new watchwords is "health," and there is a close relation between financial responsibility and health. Let us spend for the necessities which health demands rather than for the fads and fancies of fashion. I would not depreciate the aesthetic nature of woman,, but I would have her bring the wisest possible thought to these matters of dress and diet, and all that concerns the enduring welfare of her home, her sons and daughters.

We hear so much to-day about marriage,—pro and con. Why does not the young man marry? As a rule, young people want to begin just where their parents are with a generation of earnings. They are not willing to begin in three or four roms. They are not willing to set their own standards, but must follow some standard set by some one else. Let us arrange our finances so that each year we can purchase and read a few good books and a magazine or two, even if our clothes are somewhat out of style. Let us look after the higher wants as well as the lower. America has been devoting herself largely to money-getting the past years. If money must be gotten, as it must, let the women of the country do their part in using it rightly, and, as I said before, the altruistic spirit demands that we spend not only with reference to ourselves, our own homes, but with reference to other homes about us.

Oh, women! Let us realize our responsibilities as money-spenders, as home-keepers, as standard-makers. Never before have we had such privileges, such honors, such responsibilities! Let us, if possible, rescue home-keeping from the disrepute it has sometimes fallen into. Let us reduce our work to a science, and make it so attractive that young women, educated and refined though they may be, will feel that home-keeping, after all, is a high and holy work, and that the term "queen of her home" is no idle name, but a well-earned and legitimate one.—Christian Register.

"BUT, THE COLD-WATER WORD."

Kate Upson stood, as many an intelligent unmaried woman stands, a little on the outer rim of affairs. She was an observer rather than a participator, and her position made her a bit of a moralizer. Her moralizings were so interesting and enlightening, however, that Katherine, her namesake and niece, never became tired of them.

"Yes," Miss Kate was saying, "I often call the little word 'but' the politely disparaging word. Polite, because it does not distinctly contradict. Uusually a measure of agreement comes first, then 'but' turns the scale of opinion, and throws cold water over one's enthusiasm. It really hurts more than a flat contradiction would.

"For instance, it happened the other day when I was at Mrs. Ewing's that two of those foreign girls who sell laces about the country were showing their wares. Harriet was interested in getting something to trim a summer gown, and the prices were fair enough. Mrs. Ewing and I didn't pay much attention, as we were chatting on other topics. Harriet isn't a judge of laces an dshe bought a few yards. When Betty Harrison came in Harriet, eager as girls are, showed her purchase. "Aren't they pretty?" she cried. "And handmade!"

"I saw Betty pursing up her mouth as she fingered the lace.

" 'Yes, indeed, it is very pretty, but this isn't handmade.'

" 'Well, then, she lied.'

"Betty was right about the lace; it wasn't handmade. The trouble is, it was spoiled forever in Harriet's eyes. She will use it, for she can't afford to throw away money. But she will never wear the gown without thinking of it. Now, the lace was well worth what she paid, and good enough for her purpose. Her little illusion about it did herself no harm, nor anyone else, except the girl who sold it.

"Here's another case in point. Not long ago I was calling on Mrs. Henderson. Another caller was present also, and Mrs. Henderson was showing us over her beautiful new house, about as complete a house as I ever saw, by the way. After we had duly admired everything the other woman

said, 'But I prefer a house to face the east.' I saw a wave of color sweep over Mrs. Henderson's face, and she answered with slightly more emphasis than was necessary, 'We chose a western exposure because I take great delight in sunsets.' The added emphasis showed that the other's remark had hurt—it had found a flaw in what had been deemed perfect."

Katherine was somewhat troubled by the ethics of the question.

"Still, Aunt Kate," she protested, "to go back to the lace, Betty only told the truth."

"Certainly she did, my dear, which only proves it to be the part of wisdom not to speak the truth at all times. There was no call for her to speak it then. That's the trouble with these disparaging people. They are great truth-tellers, and have an extraordinary sense of justice. They have an idea the balance will be thrown out of gear unless they set the weights right. If Harriet had asked a down-right question—which she didn't—then a downright answer would have been required. Please don't suspect me of encouraging falsehood. I'm a stickler for truth myself."

"I don't need to be told that, Aunt Kate," the girl laughed. "Yet you seem rather stirred up about it."

Miss Kate laughed back. "Oh, it isn't the one incident—there are hosts of them. Often, too, the person who is hurt by the remark isn't self-deceived. Say I buy a coat and it fits finely except in some minor particular. I am conscious of the one fault, yet I should prefer that my friends didn't remark upon it, even though I may be sure they see it. Why not admire and agree as far as one conscientiously can, and let the rest go, when no sacrifice of principle is involved? People ought to have some respect for the individuality of others. Yes," Miss Kate added reflectively, "I think 'but' is classified correctly. It is the politely disparaging word."—Helen A. Hawley in The Continent.

MOMENTS OF MEDITATION.

During moments of rest and respose, do not think of doing things, but think of enjoying things. The man who is always thinking of doing things may produce the quantity for a time, but the time will be short, and the quality will be absent entirely. The best results are always secured when thoughts of doing things are frequently alternated with thoughts of enjoying things. The simplest, the easiest, and the quickest way to recuperate the mind is to think of enjoying things. A few moments of such thoughts are usually sufficient to restore full mental vigor; but those moments must be given over completely to thoughts of enjoyment. The doing of things must be wholly forgotten for the time being, and the mind must give its all to the pleasing picture that it has chosen to entertain.—C. D. Larson.

WHO ARE EXTRAVAGANT?

This is the age in which the masses, with exceptions, are living up to and beyond their earnings and incomes. They not only live well, but many of them live very luxuriously.

Of course, these who are thus living luxuriously will say, "It is nobody's business," and this is true, for it is simply everybody's business. Everybody is extravagant, but nobody cares about it.

What is extravagance? Webster defines it as "a wandering beyond proper limits; an excursion from the usual way."

Last week one day, a thousand men boarded special trains and journeyed from Detroit to Indianapolis to witness an auto race. Was this extravagance? A thousand men will say, No; this is the "spending age."

Every day you live there are men who purchase new autos at a higher cost than the full amount of their yearly incomes, and in some cases at a price far more than all they are worth. Is this extravagance? These thousands of men will say, No; this is the "spending age."

A humorist remarks that "a woman kin take a wire frame and a willow plume and make fifty-seven different hats out of 'em."

Conceding the fact, suppose that she buys, or sells, the fifty-seven hats at $15 each; is either the seller or buyer extravagant?

You see, we are all in it. To live as the neighbors do, we require all the money we can make or borrow, or possibly steal, and as everybody else is supposed to do the same, none are considered extravagant.

Here and there a man or woman trudges along on foot, wearing last year's hat, and refusing to beg or steal or be a spendthrift, but the great rushing, riding, feather-bedecked throng looks upon such a person as a back number, toots the horn to clear the track, guffaws at rusticity left behind and flies ahead to nobody knows what or where.

Is there any such thing as extravagance?—Michigan Christian Advocate.

WHAT ANGER COSTS YOU IN REDUCING THE YEARS OF YOUR LIFE.

Do you know what it costs you to become angry? Every time a man gets angry he shortens his life so many minutes or days, perhaps even years. A great deal depends on the intensity of his anger.

Every time we become angry our vitality shrinks so much in proportion for every outburst. After even the most artfully suppressed signs of bad temper our vitality becomes smaller and smaller, until finally nothing is left. The moral deduced from the advancement of this latest theory in medicine is, of course, that we should never allow ourselves to become angry if we value our health and life.

Anger is a certain kind of cerebral (brain) excitement. The hypersthenic (very strong) subject is always on its verge, while the neurasthenic (nervously debilitated) becomes infuriated only by a sudden bound of reaction excited from without. But at the moment when they are let loose the two are alike, save that the strong man is a blinder brute, while the weak man is somewhat of an actor and seems to aim at effect.

All emotions are due to disorders of the circulation of the blood, and anger, in particular, to an intense dilation of the small arteries of the brain. Redness and swelling of the face are constant signs of anger, and anger is a state of hypernervation. The "white rage," so popular in fiction, is an opposite phenomenon of the blood.

The musclar fibers surrounding the arteries in which the blood circulates, and which form a continuous sheath for them, are tightened in proportion to our anger. The caliber of the arterial tube diminishes, and then, the blood being under a high pressure, the watery part is driven back into the surrounding tissues and the red globules, diluted in a less quantity of liquid, appear far more numerous in the field of the microscope. This concentration of blood and rise in arterial pressure I consider to be almost always

present in case of anger. I have found them whenever I have been able to examine a patient.

Let us form a clear idea of all that there is in a fit of anger—vain expenditure of effort, aimless movements, energy spent in biting the fists, stamping on the ground, kicking against doors, or tearing up a book. All this clearly indicates a mental condition of no high order. At every step we recognize more clearly that the problem of anger is a problem of cerebral mechanics.

In a condition of nervous excitement all our energies are at a high pitch. The heart sends to every part of the body concentrated blood, extraordinarily rich in globules, which utilizes itself instantaneously in the tissues; our organic combustion takes place with almost doubled intensity, our sensibility is considerably excited. We are too much alive.

Variations of temper are variations of energy, of muscular tonics. One is sad or timid because one is too weak; angry because one is too strong. Oscillations of the mind are caused by the excitement produced by the contact of our nerves of sensibility. There is a short circuit in our nerves, followed by a rudely increased muscular energy, the heart's power of contraction, the blood pressure in the arteries and the activity of nutrition.

Now the immense work performed by the brain during the anger crisis is so much work lost, worse than lost, harmful; apart from the evil it may do to its object, who may be killed by it, it is harmful to the person who gets into the rage. We are degraded by anger; not only does it humiliate us in the eyes of others, but it leaves us dejected and exhausted.—By Prof. John Lange.

For The Children.

MOTHER'S CURE.

I have a ltle sister. She
  Is two; I'm five years old.
Sometimes she spoils my nicest things,
Though not to she is told.
And then I get real cross at her,
  And slap her hands and scold!

But mother looks so sorry, and
  She says, "Eliz'beth Ann,
Go put your arms around her, dear,
  And love her all you can.
She's only two years old, you know,
  And doesn't understan'."

At first I hate to do it, and
  I hide my face and grieve.
I'd like to run away and sulk,
  If mother'd give me leave!
And though I may look loving, it
  Is only make-believe.

But when I feel against my arm
  Her little curly head;
And see the little shiny tear
  Upon her cheek so red;
And think she might be sister to
  Some other girl instead—

The crossness goes right straight away,
And I just hug her tight.
And side by side we squeeze up close,
  And love with all our might.
And mother smiles upon us both,
  And everything looks bright!

—Pauline F. Camp.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

In the cool green depths of the woods, among the early spring wild weeds, Jack-in-the-pulpit stands preaching, on Sundays, week-days, and holidays, to the oaks, the birches, the elders, and sassafras, the adder's tongue, anemone, and crane-bill, to the rabbits and squirrels, to the cat-bird and the flicker, as they frisk and flutter, wave, rustle, and bloom all round about him. He preaches very much what we are learning in Sunday-school, and is just now trying to present the "Blesseds," so that his wild-wood plant and animal congregation may comprehend. He seems to do it so impressively that the wise little screech-owl, who though but half as big as the rest of the owl family is quite as intellectual, stores all he has heard away in the innermost depths of his knowng little head, and there it stays till the long vacation calls us out once more to our little summer camp near woods and creek. Then, in the long, still, moonlit and starlit summer nights the small scvreech-owl, from his perch up in a tree, on the edge of the woods, passes Jack's sermons on to me; and here are some of them.

Blessed Are The Poor In Spirit.

The bashful dandelion grew just outside the woods, on the path along which the children dawdled to and from school; and she could gaze straight up into the blue, blue sky and towards the sun she loved so dearly. When she watched the swallows skimming gayly along, she would often sigh, "Now, if I could only fly like them, I really could get nearer to him,—to that beautiful warm and golden sun."

"Why don't you stretch, then?" asked a tall, straight sapling close by, and stand on your tip-toes as I do? Then you'd be a good bit nearer. You could get a good look at the sun and, moreover, the sun could get a good look at you, and maybe he'd ask you who you are and where you come from!"

"Oh, I shouldn't want the sun to do that!" faltered the dandelion. "I should be scared and not know what to say: he's so big and so bright, and I'm so little and so very low-down."

"Oh, well, of course," laughed the sapling, "If you're as bashful as all that! The sun won't hurt you. Pluck up some spirit, do; and don't be such a 'fraid cat. The sun won't hurt you any more than the school children do when they look at you as they pass by."

But the dandelion felt she just couldn't stretch any higher, and every time a school lad or lassie pointed at her and called attention to that "big and awful yaller-dandy!" she'd crouch back among her long green leaves. Although by the middle of summer, when her golden disk had changed to a fluffy white ball, she managed to straighten up quite a bit, she was stll far shorter than the ambitous

sapling and still far, far below the glowing sun.

"Stretch, why don't you?" insisted the sapling. "Stand on your toes and stretch!" he repeated, waving his short green branches angrily above the dandelion. She, however, shook her head and whispered, "I'm afraid." Even as she did so, the summer breeze lifted all her silvery, feathery seeds and wafted them up, up, higher than the sapling, higher than the topmost tree-tops, higher even than the skimming, soaring swallows; up, up, straight towards the glorious golden sun as he smiled brightly down upon the earth.

Blessed Are They That Mourn.

"To-day," announced Jack-in-the-pulpit, "I'm going to speak about a plumy-tailed' bright-eyed squirrel which had been caught, when but a wee, young thing, to be kept on sale in a big store in town ;where, one day, a jolly young uncle bought him and the green tin, revolving-wheel-furnshed house he lived in, for Dick and Davy Armitage's Christmas present. My! how glad those boys were to get him! How dearly they loved him! how conscientously they cared for him! and how happy they were with him, down in the laundry, where his house stood on the broad window-sill, feeding him with nuts, and watching him as he cracked and ate them, or frolicked, spinning round in his whirly-wheel and enjoying life generally.

"As the winter days lengthened into spring, however, Frisk (as they had named their pet) grew more and more sober, until by mid-April he became finicky as to his food, careless as to his coat, and unresponsive to the boys' caresses. He spun round and round in his wheel no more, but sat prensively in his tin boudoir, bunched up in the corner soonest reached and latest left by the bright spring sun as it shone into the laundry-window. Dick changed his food to more carrots and frequent lettuce-leaves, and David dosed him with dog-biscuits, and both of them were sincerely concerned for their pet which kept getting more and more dejected, until the middle of May found the poor little creature so melancholy that David could stand it no longer.

" 'I'm 'fraid,' he confided to Mother in a very shaky voice, 'that Friskie's awful sick; and Dick and I don't know what to give him. You come and look at him, Mother, please do, and tell us what's wrong and what to do for him.

"Whereupon Mother looked, saw, and agreed to prescribe a remedy, 'if you boys are willing to try it.'

" 'Of course we are,' cried both in a breath; 'we'd do most anything for our Friskie.'

" 'Then give him his freedom,' said Doctor Mother 'for that's what he wants. He's mourning for the sky, the sun, the trees, and the great outdoors so deeply that, if you don't set him free, I fear he'll die on your hands.'

"Accordingly, after, considerable demur and some salty tears,—for that sort of cure came hard on pet-loving, Dick and Davy,—the boys next day carried the tin squirrel-cage and its occupant out to the middle of Jamaica woods, where they set it down and opened its little door and then—

"Out streaked Friskie,—out and up a tall gum-tree, where he immediately began a brisk, long-distance game of hide-and-seek with the boys; who, crouching among the anemones and crane-bill, followed him with eyes that kept winking hard and fast; laughing, albeit with a big, hard lump in the throat, at their pet, mourning no more, but entirely comforted and completely cured."

Blessed Are The Meek.

"This morning I shall tell you," said Jack, "a story that was told me by a wise and very old, old Crow. He said it was a legend, and it goes back to the days when the Kind Father was making the birds, whom he had already created joyous, soaring, and songful, beautiful as well. Seated upon a great tall, golden throne, with scores of rainbow-dye-filled shells, at his right hand, he was painting the different birds according to their taste and fancy. Eagle, magpie, swan, oriole, whip-poor-will, wren, robin, and many, many more were finished and lovely in their fresh new colors, and the pigments in the shells were rapidly giving out as the few birds remaining, all gray and sad and colorless, pressed forward, hustling and jostling each other in their eagerness; all but the dove which, modestly making way for one and another, a third and a fourth of its companion birds, was soon left the last of the drab, sad-tinted little band.

" 'Oh, my poor, bonny bird,' exclaimed the Kind Father, pityingly, 'there's hardly any more stain left, and red wings and a blue head would have gone so well with your size and shape!' and he deftly touched up her wings and her tail feathers with silvery gray, a bit of white, and an occasional streak of darker gray. As he set the dove upon his left hand to remark the general effect, her bright red-rimmed eyes noticed that the paint-shells were not entirely emptied. 'There's still some red left, Kind Ftaher,' she said timidly 'and quite a bit of blue, as well as an atom of gold and a remnant of green. If you'd but give me a wee dab of what's left, somewhere or other, on my sober gray gown! I am so fond of a bit of bright color, Kind Father.'

"Whereupon the Kind Father with infinite care and patience took from the paint-shells the remaining scraps—tiny flecks of red and dabs of green, blue, purple, and gold—and blended them together so skillfully that the dove's broad necklace makes her one of the most beautiful of birds. Thow her a handful of corn, dearie, and see her meekly approach and modestly and daintly peck up her dinner; and note how her smooth soft throat and breast glow in brilliant rainbow colors as if she wore jewels."—Kate Hudson.

THE KETTLE.

Oh, I am a kettle! a kettle am I!
I never shall strive to deny it.
There's nothing about me that's sneaking or sly;
Deception I never shall try it.
Bubble, I say! and bubble, I say!
Some folks may not like it, but that is my way.
I mind my own business, and give no trouble
Bubble, hub bubble, hub bubble, hub bubble!

They say I am black. I admit it is true;
A respectable tint, and I love it.
I never, no, never, set out to be blue;
As for yellow or red, I'm above it.
Bubble, I say! and bubble, I say!
I'm ready to talk any time of the day.
Heap on the coals, and my song I will double.
Bub bub bub bubble, bub bubble, bub bubble!

—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

Doing the duty that lies nearest will bring us to the next duty. Doing, we shall know. God's will is an angel, bearing in his hand a little lamp to light you.

HELP LIGHTEN THE LOAD.

Help lighten the load!
Humanity stumbles ahead on its road,
Urged on o'er the deserts, beset by the goad;
Men bend under burdens of hunger and care
And women must suffer and toil and despair;
Yea, even the children astray in the strife,
Are bowed by the weight till they weary of life.
Hark! unto each soul that is hero, not slave,
How clear sounds the call to arise and be brave.
Help lighten the load!

Help lighten the load!
With all of the strength that the heart can command,
With all of the power of brain and of hand,
With wills set to sacrifice, struggle and dare,
With love that seeks ever each burden to share,
With unflagging endeavor that stops not to ask
The length of the journey! Come, children of God!
And along the dark path by the world's anguish trod,
Help lighten the load!
—Priscilla Leonard, in The Outlook.

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

O, you don't know what we've got upstairs!" she cried.

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" And expectantly she watched the effect of her anouncement.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I think so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off!"

Culture for its own sake is the worst form of self-idolatry. Culture is the preparation of self for the service of others, and is as the preparation of the plot of ground entrusted to us that it may bear a harvest in which many may rejoice.—Professor Gardiner.

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